For Ile not kill thee there,nor there,nor there,
But by the forge that ſtichied *Mars* his helme.
Ile kill thee euery where,yea ore and ore.
You wiſeſt Grecians,pardon me this brag,
His inſolence drawes folly from my lips,
But ile endeuour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I neuer———

Aiax. Do not chafe thee cozen.
And you *Achilles*,let theſe threats alone,
Till accident or purpoſe bring you too't,
You may haue euery day enough of *Hector*,
If you haue ſtomack. The generall ſtate I feare,
Can ſcarce entreate you to be odde with him.

Hect. I pray you let vs ſee you in the field,
We haue had pelting warres ſince you refuſd, the Grecians
Achil. Dooſt thou entreate me *Hector?* (cauſe.
To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.

Agam. Firſt all you Peeres of Greece,go to my tent,
There in the full conuiue we:afterwards
As *Hectors* leiſure,and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together,ſeuerally entreate him
To taſte your bounties,let the trumpets blowe,
That this great ſouldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt.*

Troy. My Lord *Vliſſes*,tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.

Vliſ. At *Menelaus* tent,moſt princely *Troylus*:
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes vpon the heauen nor earth,
But giues all gaze,and bent of amorous view,
On the faire *Creſſeid.*

Troyl. Shall I ſweete Lord be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* tent,
To bring me thether.

Vliſ. You ſhall command me ſir.
But gentle tell me of what honor was
This *Creſſida* in Troy? had ſhe no louer there
That wailes her abſence?

Troyl.

Tro. O ſir to ſuch as boſting ſhew their skarres,
A mocke is due;will you walke on my Lord,
Shee was beloued my Lord,ſhe is,and doth,
But ſtill ſweet loue is food for fortunes tooth. *Exeu*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. Ile heate his blood with greekiſh wine to night,
Which with my Cemitar ile cool to morrow,
Patroclus let vs feaſt him to the hight

Pat. Here comes *Therſites.* *Enter Therſites.*

Ach. How now thou curſe of enuy.
Thou crufty batch of nature whats the news?

The. Why thou picture of what thou ſeemeſt,and Idoll,
Of idiot worſhippers,heers a letter for thee.

Ach. From whence fragment.

The. Why thou full diſh of foole from Troy,

Pat. Who keeps the tent now.

The. The Surgeons box or the pacients wound.

Pat. Well ſaid aduerſity,and what needs this tricks,

The. Prithee be ſilent box I profit not by thy talke,
Thou art ſaid to be *Achilles* male varlot,

Pat. Male varlot you rogue whats that.

The. Why his maſculine whore, now the rotten diſe
of the ſouth, the guts griping ruptures: loades a graue
the back,lethergies,could palſies,rawe eies, durtrottē li
whiſſing lungs,bladders full of impoſtume. Sciaticaes
kills ith' palme, incurable bone-ach,and the riueled fee
ple of the tetter, take and take againe ſuch prepoſte
diſcoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou what n
thou to curſe thus.

The. do I curſe thee.

Pat. Why no you ruinous but, you horſon indiſting
able cur,no.

The. No why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle i
terial skeine of fleiue ſilke,thou greene ſacenet flap for
eye,thou toſſell of a prodigalls purſe-thou ah how the
world is peſtred with ſuch water flies,diminitiues of n